HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
NO 7
10¢
FEATURING
I MUST BE GET TING PRETTY JUMPY SINCE I BURIED ROBERT QUINN HERE! I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE!

NOSTALGIC 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR®

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 7
MAY

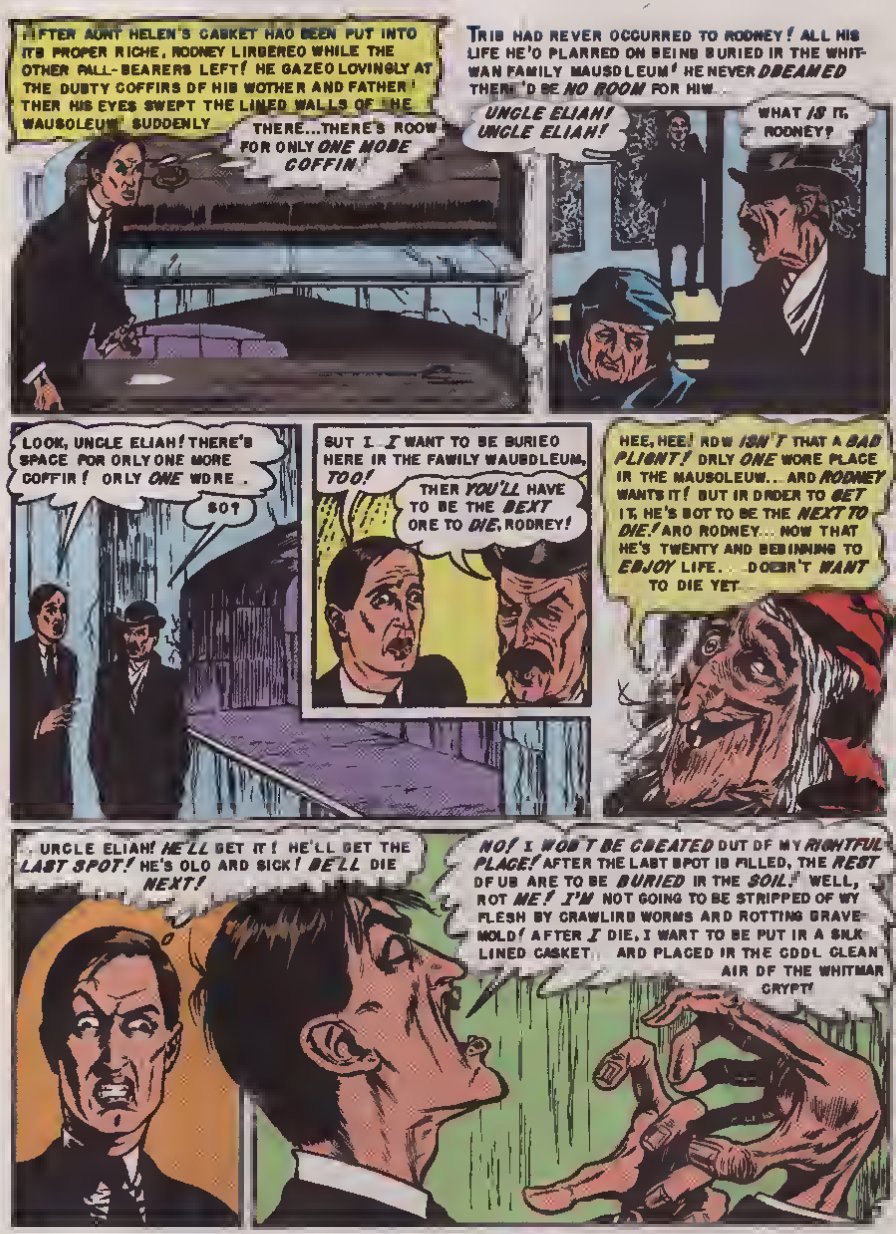
2.00
2.65 CANADA

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE ! YEP! IT'S *ME* AGAIN! *THE OLD WITCH*, MISTRESS OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* COME IN! COME IN! MY CAULDRON IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING WITH ITS EVIL BREW ONCE MORE AND I'M READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY TALES OF TERROR! READY? GOOD! THEN DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE CRACKLING FIRE AND GAZE INTO THE SWIRLING CONTENTS OF MY CAULDRON, AND I'LL TELL YOU THE CHILLER I CALL

ROOM FOR ONE MORE!

AFTER THE TWO COFFINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE PLACES IN THE MAUSOLEUM, THE SMALL GROUP OF MOURNERS TURNS AND SILENTLY BEGINS TO FILE AWAY! NODNEY, HOWEVER, STANDS STARING INTO THE OPEN CRYPT...
COME, RODNEY!
I'LL...BE ALONG ...IN A MOMENT, UNCLE...SOB...
TIGHT-LIPPED, AND CLUTCHING HIS HAT IN HIS LITTLE FISTS, THE BOY ENTERS THE HUGE MAUSOLEUM AND LOOKS AROUND! THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH CASKETS THE REMAINS OF HIS ANCESTORS! THEN HIS GLANCE FALLS UPON THE TWO NEW COFFINS HIS MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S...
SOMEDAY...SOMEDAY I'LL BE BURIED HERE TOO...AND THEN...WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN, MOMMY DADDY!
YES! THAT'S HOW MY STORY BEGINS! RODNEY'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT! AFTER THE FUNERAL, RODNEY WENT TO LIVE WITH HIS AUNT HELEN AND UNCLE ELIAH AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN! AT FIRST IT WAS PLEASANT FOR RODNEY! THEY ALL FELT SORRY FOR HIM! BUT SOON THINGS GOT PRETTY BAD...
LIKE
UNCLE ELIAH! WHY CAN'T I HAVE A PONY? ROBERT AND CHARLES EACH HAVE ONE!
SORRY, RODNEY! I CAN'T AFFORD IT!
...AND...
WHY...SOB...WHY WON'T YOU LET ME PLAY WITH... YOUR TOYS?
GO AWAY, RODNEY! YOU'RE ONLY A COUSIN...
YES! THINGS GOT PRETTY BAD! SO BAD IN FACT THAT SOMETIMES RODNEY WOULD GO DOWN TO THE CEMETERY AND STAND LOOKING AT THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEKS! AND HE'D WISH...
I WISH I WERE DEAD! I WISH I WERE BURIED IN THERE NEXT TO MY MOMMY AND MY DADDY!
BUT EVENTUALLY, CHILDREN GROW UP! AND RODNEY WAS NO EXCEPTION! HE WAS TWENTY WHEN HIS AUNT HELEN DIED! THE FUNERAL WAS HELD ON A BLEAK, GREY DECEMBER DAY! RODNEY WAS A PALL-BEARER...
EASY NOW!
WATCH THE DOOR-HANDLE! IT'LL SCRATCH THE...
SH-H-H-H! NO TALKING!
2


AFTER AUNT HELEN'S CASKET HAD BEEN PUT INTO ITS PROPER NICHE, RODNEY LINGERED WHILE THE OTHER PALL-BEARERS LEFT! HE GAZED LOVINGLY AT THE DUSTY COFFINS OF HIS MOTHER AND FATHER! THEN HIS EYES SWEPT THE LINED WALLS OF THE MAUSOLEUM! SUDDENLY
THERE...THERE'S ROOM FOR ONLY ONE MORE COFFIN!
THIS HAD NEVER OCCURRED TO RODNEY! ALL HIS LIFE HE'D PLANNED ON BEING BURIED IN THE WHITMAN FAMILY MAUSOLEUM! HE NEVER DREAMED THERE'D BE NO ROOM FOR HIM...
UNCLE ELIAH! UNCLE ELIAH!
WHAT IS IT, RODNEY?
LOOK, UNCLE ELIAH! THERE'S SPACE FOR ONLY ONE MORE COFFIN! ONLY ONE MORE.
SO?
BUT I...I WANT TO BE BURIED HERE IN THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM, TOO!
THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE NEXT ONE TO DIE, RODNEY!
HEE, HEE! NOW ISN'T THAT A BAD PLIGHT! ONLY ONE MORE PLACE IN THE MAUSOLEUM... AND RODNEY WANTS IT! BUT IN ORDER TO GET IT, HE'S GOT TO BE THE NEXT TO DIE! AND RODNEY... NOW THAT HE'S TWENTY AND BEGINNING TO ENJOY LIFE... DOESN'T WANT TO DIE YET
...UNCLE ELIAH! HE'LL GET IT! HE'LL GET THE LAST SPOT! HE'S OLD AND SICK! HE'LL DIE NEXT!
NO! I WON'T BE CHEATED OUT OF MY RIGHTFUL PLACE! AFTER THE LAST SPOT IS FILLED, THE REST OF US ARE TO BE BURIED IN THE SOIL! WELL, NOT ME! I'M NOT GOING TO BE STRIPPED OF MY FLESH BY CRAWLING WORMS AND ROTTING GRAVE-MOLD! AFTER I DIE, I WANT TO BE PUT IN A SILK-LINED CASKET, AND PLACED IN THE COOL CLEAN AIR OF THE WHITMAN CRYPT!

AND SO, RODREY MADE UP NIS MIND' THEY WOULDN'T GE ABLE TO BURY UNCLE ELIAH IF THEY DDULDN'T FIND HIS BODY..
THAT YOU, RDDNEY?
RODNEY?
RODN... AAAAAAAAGH!
IT NAD GEEN SO EASY' URCLE ELIAH HAD GEEN ALDNE IN THE HDUSE! RDGERT AND CNARLES NAD GDNE TO A MOVIE' RODNEY HAD GONE OUT TOD . BUT NAO RETURNED...
RDW TO GET RID DF THE BDDY, SD TNEY'LL NEVER FIND IT
A FEW MILES FRDM ELIAH WHITMAN'S HOUSE WAS A TRACT DF SWAMPLARD CDRTAINING SEVERAL DUICK-SARD PDDLS' RDDNEY DNOPPED PDDR UNCLE ELIAN INTO DNE OF THESE
NOW, UNCLE ELIAH, THE NIDNE IN THE NAUSDLEUM IS MINE. ALL MINE...
URCLE ELIAH'S MYSTERIDUS DISAPPEARARCE WAS REVER EXPLAINED' ALL THREE BDYS HAD AIRTIGHT ALIBIS ARD SO THE CASE WAS CLDSED' YEARS LATER, URCLE ELIAH WAS DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD, AHD RDGERT AND CHARLES IRNERITED HIS WEALTH' RDDNEY RECEIVED A SNALL SUN' THER, DNE DAY..
RDDREY RUSHED TO CHARLES' RDDM' A FEAR CLUTCHED AT NIS NEART' A FEAR THAT CHARLES MIGHT GE DYING..
NO! I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN' HE'LL GET MY PLACE... MY PLACE IN THE FAMILY VAULT' ND I'LL... I'LL HAVE TO GET RID DF HIS BODY.. LIKE ELIAN'S
RDDNEY' CDME UPSTAIRS' QUICKLY' I FEEL ILL. TERRIBLY ILL'

WHEN RODNEY REACHED CHARLES' ROOM, HE FOUND THAT HIS FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED..
WINE HOBERT, RODNEY' TELL HIM TO COME HOME FROM EUROPE!
NO, CHARLES'
NO NEED FOR THAT, CHARLES!
RODNEY!
A-R-R-G-G-H-H-H!
IT WAS SO SIMPLE' RODNEY TIED HEAVY WEIGHTS YO POOR UNFORTUNATE CHARLES AND DROPPED HIM INYO A SMALL LAKE
THEY SAY THIS IS ONE OF THOSE BOTTOMLESS LAKES, CHARLES' WELL, WITH THAT MUCH WEIGHT, YOU'LL SHOW 'EM THEY'RE WRONG... WON'T YOU!
THEN, WHEN ROBERT RETURNED FROM ABROAD..
NO, ROBERT! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM CHARLES IN MONTHS!
FUNNY' HE'S DISAPPEARED!
RODNEY' WHAT DID YOU DO TO CHARLES?
LET GO OF ME! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY WHITMARS LEFT, RODNEY! YOU'VE HATED US EVER SINCE YOU CAME TO LIVE WITH US YEARS AGO, HAVEN'T YOU' YOU'VE BEEN JEALOUS OF OUR WEALTH' YOU KILLED MY FATHER DIDN'T YOU? AND YOU KILLED CHARLES' YOU FIGURE IF YOU KILL US ALL, YOU'LL GET OUR MONEY!
NO! IT ISN'T THE MONEY...
5

RODNEY'S FACE PALED' NE NEALIZED WNAT NE HAD JUST SAID...
THEN...THEN WHAT IS IT, RODNEY?
ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU!
IT'S THAT LAST SPOT IN TNE FAMILY CRYPT! IT'S MINE, OO YOU HEAN? AND NO ONE IS GOINS YO TAKE IT FROM ME!
TOU.. YOU KILLED MY FATHEN AND MY BROTNEN FOR TNAT?
YES! AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, TOO!
TOU'RE MAD, NDDNEY! MAD!
YES, RODNEY WAS MAD, DEAR NEADER! MAD ENOUGH YO KILL! AND NE DID! THEN NE BURIED NDBERT IN TNE CELLAN...
NOW, TNIS MANSION IS MINE! NO ONE WILL LOOK FOR YOU NENE NDBENT! I'LL JUBT CEMENT OVEN THIS SPOT ABAIN!
AND SO, THE LAST PLACE IN THE WNITMAN FAMILY MAUSOLEUM NOW BELONSED TO RODNEY WHITMAN ABSOLUTELY...
YES, SIR?
I O LIKE TO SEE YOUR COFFINS! I WANT YO PICK ONE OUT... FOR MYSELF!
RODNEY ORDENED HIS COFFIN AND HAD IT PLACED IN NIS NICHE IN THE FAMILY VAULT! EVENY SO OFTEN HE WOULD GO DOWN TO TNE CEMETENY AND POLISH THE BNASS HINGES AND LOCKS... MY COFFIN ... IN MY SPOT... AND NO ONE CAN TAKE IT FNOM ME!
AND TNEN ONE NIGHT, AS NODNEY SAT IN THE HUGE LIVING ROOM OF TNE MANSION HE HAD INNERITED
WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A NOISE... IN TNE CELLAR!

RODNEY WAS RIGHT! WHAT HE HAD HEARD WAS THE CEMENT OF THE CELLAR FLOOR... CRACKING OPEN...

...AND THE ROTTED HANDS OF *ROBERT WHITMAN* PUSHING UPWARD INTO THE BLACKNESS...

AND FAR AWAY, ON THE SHORE OF A SMALL LAKE, A BLOATED, FISH-MARRED CORPSE STRUGGLED ALONG THE BEACH... DRAGGING THE HEAVY WEIGHTS CHAINED TO ITS LEGS! *CHARLES WHITMAN*...

AND IN THE SWAMPLAND, FROM A GURGLING, SUCKING QUICKSAND POOL, A HEAD AND SHOULDERS ROSE FROM THE SURFACE... SAND POURING FROM THE MOUTH CAVITY AND EYE SOCKETS OF *ELIAN WHITMAN*...

INSIDE THE WHITMAN MANSION, RODNEY BEGAN TO SHIVER! A STRANGE FEELING CAME OVER HIM! THE SENSATION OF *FEAR*...

CHARLES AND ELIAH MET COMING ACROSS THE GREEN LAWN... AND THEY STUMBLED TOWARD THE HOUSE TOGETHER...

AS IF IT WERE TIMED BY A MASTER DIRECTOR, ROBERT BURST FROM THE CELLAR DOOR AS CHARLES AND ELIAH BROKE THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS! ROBERT... ROTTED AND DECOMPOSED! CHARLES... BLOATED AND DRAGGING THE HEAVY WEIGHTS! ELIAH... SAND AND FLESH DROPPING FROM HIS WHITENED BONES!

NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!

OUTSIDE THE WHITMAN MANSION, THE STILL NIGHT AIR WAS PIERCED BY AN AGONIZING SHRIEK..

E-E-E-E-E-H

LATER IN THE CELLAR, ROBERT WHITMAN TOSSED A SACK INTO THE GRAVE HE HAD DUG HIMSELF OUT OF! THEN HE BEGAN TO COVER IT OVER..

WHILE OUT AT THE LAKE, CHARLES WHITMAN TOSSED *HIS* SACK...TIED WITH THE WEIGHTS HE HAD DRAGGED.. INTO THE MUNKY WATER..

AND IN THE SWAMPLAND, ELIAH WHITMAN TOSSED THE SACK CONTAINING *HIS* SHARE OF RODNEY WHITMAN INTO THE GURGLING QUICKSAND.

AND IF ANYONE HAPPENED TO BE AROUND THE CEMETERY THAT NIGHT, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN A GRUESOME SIGHT! THREE DECOMPOSED, ROTTED, FOUL-SMELLING CORPSES CROSSING OVER THE SOFT GRAVES.

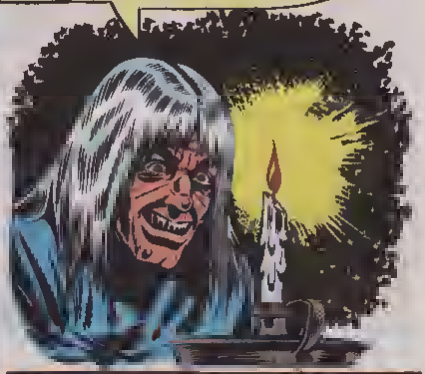
IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, THE WHITMAN MAUSOLEUM IS FULL NOW! THE LAST NICHE TO BE FILLED IS *REALLY* FULL! THREE BODIES ARE NEATLY STACKED IN THE CASKET THAT RODNEY WHITMAN HAD HOPEFULLY PURCHASED FOR HIMSELF..

HEE..HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR READER! POOR RODNEY! HE DOESN'T KNOW *WHERE* HE'S AT! *WELL?* WOULD *YOU?* BUT I FEEL *SORRY* FOR ELIAH, CHARLES, AND ROBERT! THEY'RE SO *CROWDED*, THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE ROOM TO *COFF-IN!* HEE,HEE! OH, BY THE WAY IF YOU HAVEN'T HAD TOO MUCH OF ME, READ *THE HAUNT OF FEAR* STORY IN CRIME SUSPENSTORIES! YOU CAN GO ON TO THE *CRYPT-KEEPER* NOW! HE'S WAITING FOR YOU!

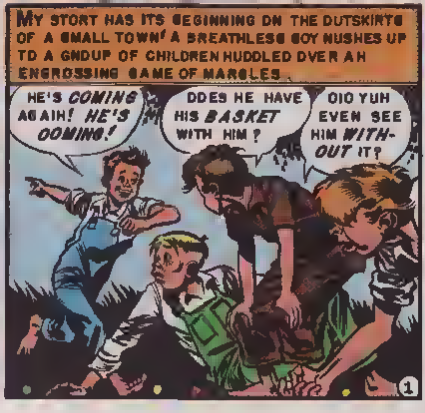
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NOW THAT YOU'VE TASTED THE SICKLY BREW OF THAT UGLY CRONE, *THE OLD WITCH*, AND ARE THOROUGHLY NAUSEATED, IT'S *MY* TURN! HERE'S A TALE FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE *CRYPT* THAT I'M SURE WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END! SO COME CLOSE TO YOUR OLD *CRYPT-KEEPER*! I WANT TO WATCH YOUR FACES PALE FROM THE YARN I CALL.

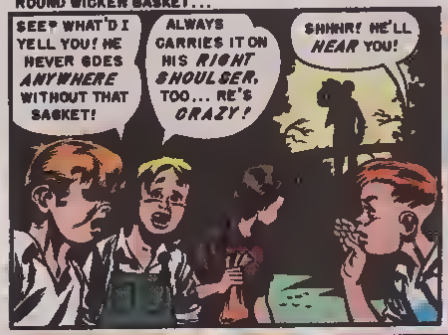
THE BASKET!



MY STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN! A BREATHLESS BOY RUSHES UP TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN HUDDLED OVER AN ENGROSSING GAME OF MARBLES.



THE WIDE-EYED EXPECTANT FACES OF THE CHILDREN ALL TURN IR TRE DIRECTION OF THE STRANGE FIGUNE WALKING TOWARD THEM! OR RIS RIGHT SROULDER, HE CARRIES A ROUND WICKEN BASKET...



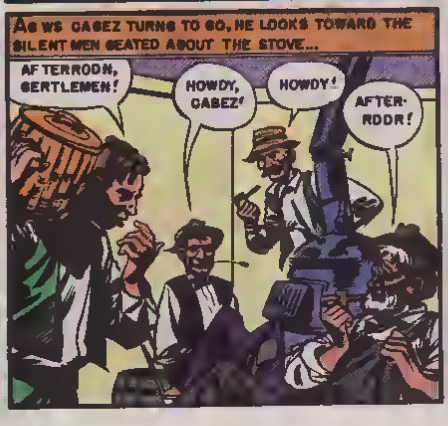
THE MAN CARRYING THE WICKER BASKET COMES UP TO THE SWALL GROUP OF CHILDREN AND SMILES...

MR CABEZ, STILL HOLDING THE GASKET ON HIS RIGRT SHOULDER, SMILES DOWN AT THE SRIRING UPTURNED FACES ANOUND RIM...

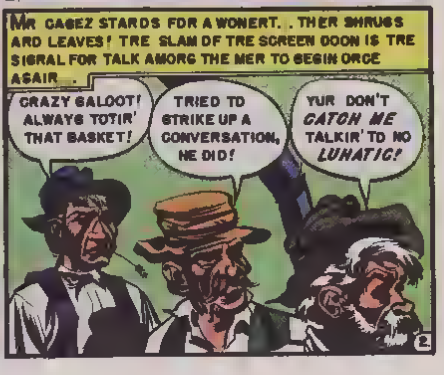
MR CABEZ CONTINUES OR DOWN THE ROAD WHISTLING A TUNE! THE CHILDREN WATCH HIWAS HE GOES...

TRE SQUEEKY SCREEN DOOR OF THE TOWR GENERAL STONE SHRIEKS A WARRING AS MR CABEZ ERTERS! THE LAUGHTES ARO TALK OF THE WER AROUND THE POT-GELLIED STOVE DIE SUDDENLY, AND THERE IS A WORENT OF AWKWANO SILENCE...

AS MS CABEZ TURNS TO GO, HE LOOKS TOWARD THE SILENT MEN SEATED ABOUT THE STOVE...



MR CABEZ STARDS FOR A WONERT. . THER SHRUGS ARD LEAVES! TRE SLAM OF TRE SCREEN OOON IS TRE SIGRAL FOR TALK AMORG THE MER TO GEGIN ORCE ASAIR .



I WORDER WHY HE CARRIES THAT THERE BASHET 'ROUND WITH RIM?
HE'S CRAZY, THAT'S WHY! AIN'T I RIGHT, GEORGE?
SURE ARE, LUKE!
SEE THIS HERE SLIP O' PAPER? IT'S HIS VITTLES ORDER! YOU KNOW WHAT I SEE EVERY TIME I DELIVER AN ORDER UP TO HIS PLACE?
HE ALWAYS ANSWERS THE DOOR, CARRYIN' THAT BASKET OR HIS SHOULDER! I WASHER THAT! CARRYIN' IT 'ROUND HIS HOUSE EVER!
HE SURE IS LOGO!
YES! THAT'S THE WAY MY STORY BEGINS! THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON IN THIS TOWN FOR YEARS AND YEARS! EVERY LONGER THAN THE CHILDREN CAN REMEMBER, VINCENT CADEZ HAS BEEN LUGGING THAT WICKER BASKET AROUND! WHAT'S IN IT? PATIENCE, KIDDIES! YOU'LL FIND OUT! SO ON WITH MY TALE . .
THE NEXT TIME MR. CADEZ COMES INTO TOWN, HE FLOATS ALONG SLOWLY DRAGGING HIS FEET! BUT HIS FAMILIAR BASHET IS PERCHED ON HIS SHOULDER...
SAY! LOOK AT MR. CADEZ! HE LOOKS AWFUL!
HE'S PALE LOOKING! HE MUST BE SICK!
MUST BE GETTING TIRED OF CARRYIN' HIS BASKET!
GEE! DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO KID HIM TODAY?
BUT MR. CADEZ, IN SPITE OF HIS FATIGUED APPEARANCE, STOPS AS USUAL AND SMILES DOWN AT THE CHILDREN AROUND HIM. . .
HELLO, KIDS!
HI, MR. CADEZ!
'LO, MR. CADEZ!
WHAT'S WRONG, KIDS? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUES? ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO ASK ME WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY BASKET THIS TIME?
GEE, MR. CADEZ! YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!
AIN'T YUH FEELIN' WELL, MR. CADEZ?
3

MR CASEZ IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT, THEN HE SHRUGS AND CONTINUES ON TOWARD THE GENERAL STORE
GEE! HE GOT SUCH A FUNNY LOOK WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE FELT WELL!
HE MUST BE SICK!
GEE! MAYBE HE'S GONNA DIE!
IF HE DOES, WE'LL ALL FIND OUT WHAT HE'S GOT IN THAT BASKET!
AW, CUT IT OUT! THAT AIN'T FUNNY!
YEAH! THE POOR GUY CAN'T HELP IT! IT'S A PHOBIA OR SOMETHING WITH HIM! MAYBE HE DON'T TRUST ANYBODY AND HE CARRIES HIS MONEY WITH HIM INSTEAD OF PUTTING IT IN THE BANK!
THE USUAL SILENCE GREETS VINCENT CASEZ AS HE ENTERS THE GENERAL STORE
HERE'S MY LIST, GEORGE!
SAY! YOU SICK, CASEZ? YOU LOOK PRETTY BAD!
I.. I DON'T FEEL WELL, GEORGE! GUESS I'LL STOP BY AND SEE DOC HAWKINS!
YOU BETTER!
WHEN HE LEAVES THE STORE, MR. CASEZ CROSSES OVER TO DOC HAWKINS' HOUSE
DOCTOR HAWKINS! I MUST SEE YOU!
COME IN, VINCENT! COME IN!
AFTER AN HOUR, VINCENT COMES OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE AND GOES ON HOME! A WEEK PASSES! THEN .. ONE DAY..
HEY! LOOK! HERE COMES MR CASEZ!
HE LOOKS DIFFERENT!
HE AIN'T PALE NO MORE!
GEE! HE'S ALL BETTER! HE AIN'T GONNA DIE AFTER ALL!
AS MR CASEZ APPROACHES THE CHILDREN, THEY GATHER AROUND HIM SMILING CHATTERING . TUGGING AT HIS COAT
WHAT'S IN YOUR BASKET TODAY, MR. CASEZ?
TELL US, MR. CASEZ!
OUT OF MY WAY... BRATS!
OWW!

THE CHILD THAT MR CABEZ HAS STRUCK BEGINS TO CRY! THE OTHERS STAND DUMBFOUNDED, WATCHING MR CABEZ DISAPPEAR INTO THE GENERAL STORE...
SOB..SOB HE HIT ME!
DID YOU SEE HIS EYES? THE LOOK IN HIS ETES!
HEY! THE BASKET! HE HAD IT ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER!
I'M GONNA TELL MY OL' MAN!
AND INSIDE THE GENERAL STORE...
WHAT'S WRONG? AM I POISON OR SOMETHING? WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE SAY SOMETHING? WHAT ARE YOU ALL SO QUIET ABOUT?
YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME YOUR LIST, MR. CABEZ, AND GO...BEFORE YOU START TROUBLE!
BUT THE NEXT MORNING, THE TOWNSFOLK ARE ALL WHISPERING ABOUT THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT
THAT'S RIGHT! HAPPENED LAST NIGHT! SOMEBODY ROBBED A GRAVE IN THE BURYIN' GROUNDS! THE BODY'S GONE!
I'LL BET IT WAS CABEZ! HE SEEMED WORSE'N EVER YESTERDAY!
DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, LUKE!
THE SECOND NIGHT ANOTHER GRAVE IS ROBBED...
I TELL YOU IT IS CABEZ! HE'S GONE COMPLETELY LOCO!
WE OUGHTA STRING 'IM UP!
HEY, I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHIN'!
CABEZ SHIPPED OUT A BOX YESTERDAY AT THE RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICE WHERE I WORK! IT WAS PRETTY BIG ...'BOUT SIX FEET LONG! LIKE A... LIKE A COFFIN!
THAT SO!
YES! AND HE'S GOT ANOTHER ONE DOWN THERE TODAY!
LET'S GO DOWN AN' TAKE A LOOK! MAYBE IT AIN'T MORE OUT!
LATER...AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE...
GOOD LORD!
A BODY!
LET'S GET 'IM! LET'S LYNCH HIM!

SOOR AR ANGRY MOS IS MOVING UP MAIR STREET! MEN WITH MURDER IR THEIR HEARTS! A LYNCH MOR..
SOMEBODY STOP OFF AND SET OOC HAWKINS!
YEAH! HE OUGHTA SE IN ON THIS!
I'LL SET HIM!
THE DOCTOR OPERS THE DOOR TO THE FRANTIC KROCKING OF ZEKE SLACKMAR
C'MON, OOC! WE'RE SONNA LYRCH VINCENT CASEZ! HE'S THE ORE SEER ROSSIN' THE SRAVES AND STEALIN' THE BODIES!
NO! TOU CAN'T LYRCH HIM! YOU'O.. SE KILLING AN INNOCENT MAN!
WHAT YOU TALKIN' ASOUT, OOC?
THERE ARE TWO VINCENT CASEZES!
TWO! WHAT IR SLAZES DO YOU MEAN?
VINCENT CASEZ WAS SORR WITH TWO HEADS!
WHER I TOLD HIS MOTHER, SHE REFUSED TO ACCEPT HIM! TOLD ME TO OO AWAY WITH THE CHILD! THE OLO MIO-WIFE WHO HELPED ME OELIVER HIM VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE HIM.
PLEASE, OOCTOR! I'M AR OLO WOMAR! LET ME TAKE CARE OF HIM! OOR'T KILL HIM!
ALL RIGHT, MARTHA! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP IT A SECRET!
YOU KNOW THE REST! VINCENT SREW UP UROER MARTHA CASEZ'S SENTLE CARE! SHE KEPT HIM HIODEN FROM THE TOWNSFOLK UNTIL HE HAD SROWN TO MANHOOD! ONE SAY SHE SENT FOR ME...
I.. I'M DYIRS, DOCTOR HAWKINS! WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF VINCENT?
HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF NOW, MARTHA!
AFTER SHE OIED, I WORKED OUT A PLAR OF HOW VINCENT COULD APPEAR OR THE STREETS WITHOUT LETTING ARYONE KROW OF HIS OTHER HEAO...
OO YOU THINK IT WILL WORK, OOCTOR?
OF COURSE, VINCENT! NOW REMEMSER! YOU CARRY THAT SASKET WHEREVER YOU SO OUT! IT HIDES YOUR OTHER HEAD!

VIRGENT HAD ALWAYS HAD CONTROL OVER HIS OTHER HEAD! HE WAS A GOOD MAN.. VINCENT. ..BUT HIS OTHER HEAD WAS *EVIL...*

DOCTOR HAWKINS! LOOK AT ME! I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK IN FOUR NIGHTS! MY OTHER HEAD IS TRYING TO *TAKE OVER MY BODY!*

YOU MUST *FIGHT IT,* VINCENT!

BUT VINCENT COULDN'T FIGHT IT! FINALLY THE OTHER HEAD WON OUT! IT GAINED CONTROL OF VINCENT'S BODY...

OUT OF MY WAY!

OWWWW!

THE OTHER HEAD IS *THE REAL CRIMINAL!* THE OTHER HEAD IS THE EVIL ONE! BUT YOU CAN'T KILL *IT* WITHOUT KILLING *VINCENT!*

WHAT'LL WE *DO,* DOC! THE BOYS MUST BE THERE BY NOW!

ZEKE IS RIGHT! AT THAT MOMENT, THE OTHERS ARE APPROACHING VINCENT GAREZ'S HOUSE! SUDDENLY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE MEN STOP IN THEIR TRACKS... *HORRIFIED!*

WHAT THE...?

GOOD LORD!

HE'S GOT.. HE'S GOT *TWO...*

THE BASKET! *THAT'S* WHAT HE *DAMNED THE BASKET!*

INDEED.. A TWO-HEADED VINCENT STANDS IN THE DOORWAY CONFRONTING THE MEN..

WHAT DO YOU MEN *WANT?*

PLEASE! FOR GOD'S SAKE! KILL US! *KILL US! I CAN'T FIGHT HIM* ANY LONGER!

THE LYNCHING PARTY JUST STANDS... EACH MAN ROOTED TO THE GROUND BY THE HORROR OF WHAT HE SEES...

WELL... IF NONE OF YOU WILL KILL US, *I WILL!*

STOP, YOU *FOOL!* I *COMMAND* YOU! *STOP!*

SUMMORING ALL HIS POWER, THE GOOD HEAD OF VINCENT GAREZ GAINS CONTROL OF THE BODY, SNATCHES A SHOTGUN FROM A TERRIFIED ONLOOKER, AND PULLS THE TRIGGER! TWO SHOTS RING OUT AND THE TWO-HEADED FIGURE SPRAWLS ON THE GROUND.

DEAD...

AND THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! I HOPE THIS LITTLE TALE HAS TAUGHT YOU A LESSON! THERE'S ONLY ONE *SURE WAY* TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT, IF YOU'VE GOT *TWO HEADS!* JUST *BLOW ONE OF YOUR TOPS!* NOW, I RETURN YOU TO *THE OLD WITCH!*

HERE'S A TOUCHING TALE OF...

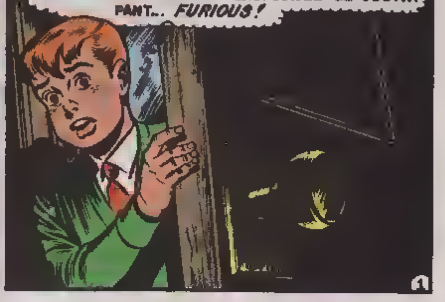
HORROR IN THE SCHOOL ROOM

ANDY RACED BREATHLESSLY AROUND THE FAMILIAR CORNER! THE DRAB, CLAPBOARD SCHOOL BUILDING STOOD JUST AT THE END OF THE LITTER-STREWN STREET...

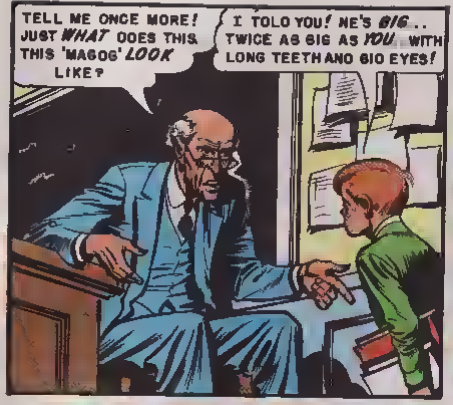
ANDY RAN AS FAST AS HIS LITTLE LEGS COULD CARRY HIM, CLUTCHING HIS SCHOOL BOOKS UNDER HIS ARM! HE RUSHED UP TO THE BIG OAK DOOR OF THE SCHOOL AND PUSHED IT OPEN...

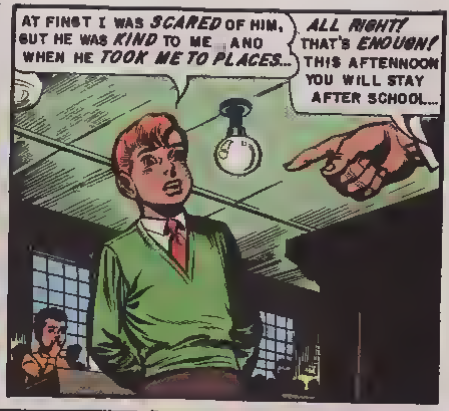
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE!

FIFTEEN *WHOLE* MINUTES *LATE!* GOLLY JEEPERS CREEPERS! MISTER WITHERSPOON'LL BE JUST... PANT... *FURIOUS!*



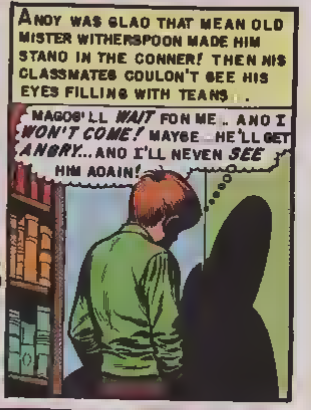
DOWN THE SILERT HALL ANDY NURRIED UNTIL NE CAME TO THE DODN OF NIS CLASSNOOM! HE STOOD OUTSIDE, TRYING TO CATCH NIS BREATH, AND LISTENING.
SDLLY! SPELLINS'S STANTED ALNEADY! NE'S FINISHED NDLL CALL!
TIMIDLY, ANDY TWISTED THE KNOB AND SWUNS THE SIG DOON OPEN SLISNTLY! HE PEERED IN! SILLY MANY JDNES SAW HIS FNISHTENED FACE AND TITTERED.
NMMPH! AND WNAT'S SD FUHNY, MISS JONES?
IT IT'S ANDY! HIS EYES...
MR. WITNERSPOON SPUN ARDURD SD THAT HE FACED THE SOY WND STOOD SHEEPISHLY IN THE DOORWAY.
AH! MASTEN ANDREW FIELD! SO AT LAST YOU GNACE US WITH YDUN PNESENCE!
YES, SIR!
MN. WITHERSPOON'S FACE REDDENED! NIS EYES SULSED! MR. WITHERSPOON WAS SETTING ANSNY.
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! WNY ARE TOU LATE? TELL ME! DID YOU MEET YDUN FNIEND ASAIN?
YES, SIN!
2+2=4
4+4=8
AND WHERE WENE TOU THIS TIME?
AFGHANISTAN... SIR!
MN. WITHERSPOON'S MOUTH EXPLODED ALL OVEN HIS FACE AS HE SCNEAMED.
LIAR! LIAH...LIAH...LIAH!
RD, SIR! IT'S TNE THUTH!
YOUNG MAN! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK YOU'VE SEEN LATE! AND EACH TIME YOU'VE TOLD ME A PURPOSEFUL, DELIBERATE LIE! MONDAY IT WAS CHINA...WEDNESDAY, ITALY... AND NOW, AFGHANISTAN!
BUT I DIDN'T LIE! MAGOG TOOK ME THERE... TO ALL THOSE PLACES!
8

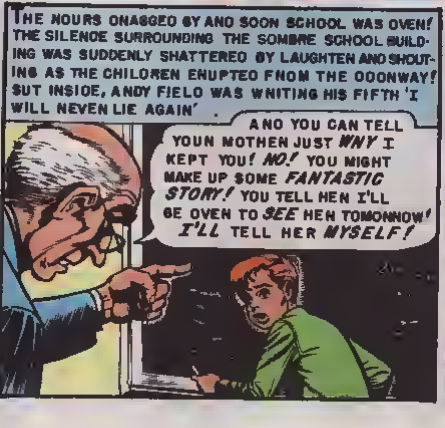

TELL ME ONCE MORE! JUST WHAT DOES THIS THIS 'MAGOG' LOOK LIKE?
I TOLD YOU! HE'S BIG.. TWICE AS BIG AS YOU WITH LONG TEETH AND BIG EYES!

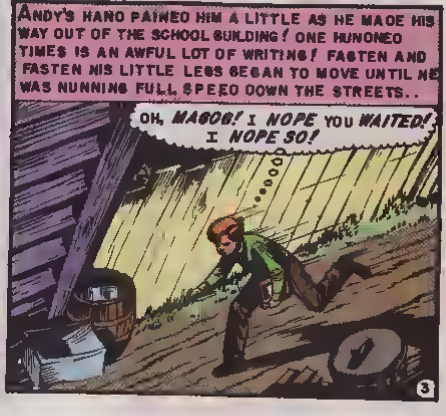

AT FIRST I WAS SCARED OF HIM. BUT HE WAS KIND TO ME AND WHEN HE TOOK ME TO PLACES...
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS AFTERNOON YOU WILL STAY AFTER SCHOOL...

BUT MAGOG TOLD ME HE'D MEET ME
...YOU WILL STAY AFTER SCHOOL UNTIL YOU HAVE WRITTEN 'I WILL NEVER LIE AGAIN!' ONE HUNDRED TIMES!

BUT...
NOW GO STAND IN THE CORNER FOR THE REST OF SPELLING!


ANDY WAS GLAD THAT MEAN OLD MISTER WITHERSPOON MADE HIM STAND IN THE CORNER! THEN HIS CLASSMATES COULDN'T SEE HIS EYES FILLING WITH TEARS..
MAGOG'LL WAIT FOR ME.. AND I WON'T COME! MAYBE HE'LL GET ANGRY... AND I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!


THE HOURS DRAGGED BY AND SOON SCHOOL WAS OVER! THE SILENCE SURROUNDING THE SOMBRE SCHOOL BUILDING WAS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY LAUGHTER AND SHOUTING AS THE CHILDREN ERUPTED FROM THE DOORWAY! BUT INSIDE, ANDY FIELD WAS WRITING HIS FIFTH 'I WILL NEVER LIE AGAIN'.
AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR MOTHER JUST WHY I KEPT YOU! NO! YOU MIGHT MAKE UP SOME FANTASTIC STORY! YOU TELL HER I'LL BE OVER TO SEE HER TOMORROW! I'LL TELL HER MYSELF!


ANDY'S HAND PAINED HIM A LITTLE AS HE MADE HIS WAY OUT OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING! ONE HUNDRED TIMES IS AN AWFUL LOT OF WRITING! FASTER AND FASTER HIS LITTLE LEGS BEGAN TO MOVE UNTIL HE WAS RUNNING FULL SPEED DOWN THE STREETS..
OH, MAGOG! I HOPE YOU WAITED! I HOPE SO!

THE REXT DAY MAS SATURDAY! IR THE AFTERNOOH, ANDY'S MDTHER HAD A VISITDR... ANDY'S TEACHER, MR MITHERSPOOH.
AND SINCE ARDY HAS RD FATHER, IT IS RATHER DIFFICULT, MISTER MITHERSPDDR!
I URDERSTARD, MRS. FIELD, SUT THAT IS NO EXCUSE FDR HIS LYING!
ARDY DOESN'T MEAN TO LIE, MISTER MITHERSPOON! IT'S JUST THAT HE HAS A VIVID IMAGINATION! THIS... THIS 'NAGDS' PERSON JUST SEEMS REAL TD HIM!
SUT HE'S SEEH CONTINUALLY LATE FDR SCHOOL! THERE IS NO REASON FDR TARDINESS!
ANDY IS LDNELY, MR MITHERSPOOH! I HAVE TO WORR TO MAKE ENDS MEET! HE DOESR'T SEE MUCH DF ME! PLEASE OOR'T BE TOD HARD DR THE SDY!
YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE EVERY OTHER MDTHER, MRS. FIELD! YOUR LITTLE 'DARLING' IS ALWAYS RIGHT!
WELL, RD STUDERT DF MINE LIES TO ME! I HAVE THE RISHT TD WHIP THE SDY ARD THE NEXT TIME HE LIES TO ME, I WILL!
YOU'D SETTER NOT, MISTER MITHERSPOON!
ANDY! WHERE HAVE YDU SEEN?
LONDON, MDMMY! MAGDS ARD I VISITED BUCKINGHAM PALACE!
THERE! YDU SEE? HE EVEN LIES TO YOU!
PLEASE, MISTER WITHERSPOON!
..ARD YOU'D SETTER NOT WHIP ME, MISTER WITHERSPOON! I TOLD MAGDS ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU KROW WHAT HE SAID?
HE SAID IF YOU EVER HARM ME, HE'LL CDME ARD EAT YOU UP! THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

MISTER WITHERSPOON TURNED, PICKED UP HIS HAT, AND...
I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND MY POSITION, MRS. FIELD! GOOD-DAY!
AFTER MR. WITHERSPOON LEFT, MRS. FIELD TOOK ANDY'S HAND...
ANDY! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
WHY, MOMMY? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD MISTER WITHERSPOON ABOUT BEING EATEN UP!
BUT, MOMMY! THAT'S WHAT MAGOG SAID!
MONDAY DAWNED BRIGHT AND CLEAN! JUNE IS SUCH A WONDERFUL MONTH FOR CHILDREN... SO CLOSE TO SUMMER VACATION! ANDY HOPPED OUT OF BED AND DRESSED QUICKLY...
ANDY! YOU'RE AWFULLY EARLY FOR SCHOOL!
I WANT TO BE! THEN, IF MAGOG AND I DECIDE TO GO SOMEPLACE, WE'LL BE BACK IN TIME!
BUT, ALAS... IT WAS NINE-THIRTY WHEN ANDY OPENED THE BIG OAK DOOR TO THE SCHOOL...
GOLLY! GOLLY SEE! LATE AGAIN...
THERE WAS AN AWKWARD MOMENT OF SILENCE AS ANDY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE CLASSROOM! ALL EYES WERE UPON HIM AS HE ENTERED! THEN MISTER WITHERSPOON SPOKE...
YOU'RE...LATE AGAIN, ANDY!
I KNOW!
MAGOG?
UH-NUH!

MISTER WITHERSPOON REACHED FOR THE GREEN SWITCH HE HAD CUT JUST THAT MORNING.
WENT SOMEPLACE... DID YOU?
UH-HUH! EGYPT!
AROT EYED THE SWITCH AS MISTER WITHERSPOON LED HIM TO THE WARDROBE ROOM.
DID YOU SEE THE PYRAMIDS?
UH-HUH! AND THE SPHINX! YOU'RE NOT GONNA WHIP ME, ARE YOU, MISTER WITHERSPOON?
OF COURSE I AM! I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL... NOT TO LIE!
BUT MAGOG SAID IF YOU NAME ME, HE'D COME AND EAT YOU UP!
MR. WITHERSPOON LED AROT INTO THE WARDROBE ROOM! HE LEFT THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR SO THAT THE OTHER CHILDREN COULD HEAR! THAT WOULD ASSERT HIS AUTHORITY! THERE WAS A SHARP SNAP AS THE SWITCH CAME DOWN, AND AROT WHIMPERED.
HE'S... WHIPPIN' HIM!
GOLLY, SEE!
SUDDENLY THE SCHOOLROOM WAS FILLED WITH AN AGONIZING SCREAM...
CRIPES!
WHAT WAS THAT?
YAAAAAAGGGHHHH...
THE DOOR TO THE WARDROBE ROOM OPENED AND AROT CAME OUT! A TEAR RAN SLOWLY DOWN HIS CHEEK...
I TOLD HIM SOB... THAT MAGOG WOULD COME AND EAT HIM UP BUT HE WHIPPED ME ANYWAY!
THE OTHER CHILDREN RUSHED FROM THEIR DESKS AND CROWDED AROUND THE WARDROBE ROOM DOOR! ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF MISTER WITHERSPOON WAS HIS RIGHT HAND... STILL CLUTCHING THE SWITCH! IT HAD BEEN CHEWED OFF AT THE WRIST!
HEE! HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE OF ANDY AND HIS FRIEND, MAGOG! POOR OLD MISTER WITHERSPOON! HE HAD NO IMAGINATION! WELL, NOW HE BELIEVES AROT! HE'S CONVINCED MAGOG EXISTS! AFTER ALL, HE'S GETTING THE INSIDE STORY, ISN'T HE? HEE, HEE! NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT CREEP, THE VAULT-KEEPER!
3

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

PFAH! NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED THAT WISHY-WASHY POT OF GOOK THE *OLD WITCH* BREWED FOR YOU, I'M SURE YOU'LL WELCOME A *REAL* HORRIFYING TALE! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE PREPARED FOR YOU! SO GET READY, FRIENDS... BECAUSE THIS *NERVE-CRACKING* STORY FROM MY PRIVATE LIBRARY TAKES US TO *IRELAND*, AND GIVES US AN OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR THE TERRIFYING WAIL OF *THE* HOWLING BANSHEE!

THROUGH THE BLANKET OF FOG THAT ENVELOPED THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF KILDARE IN IRELAND, THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS HERALDED THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGER TO THE COTTAGE DOOR...

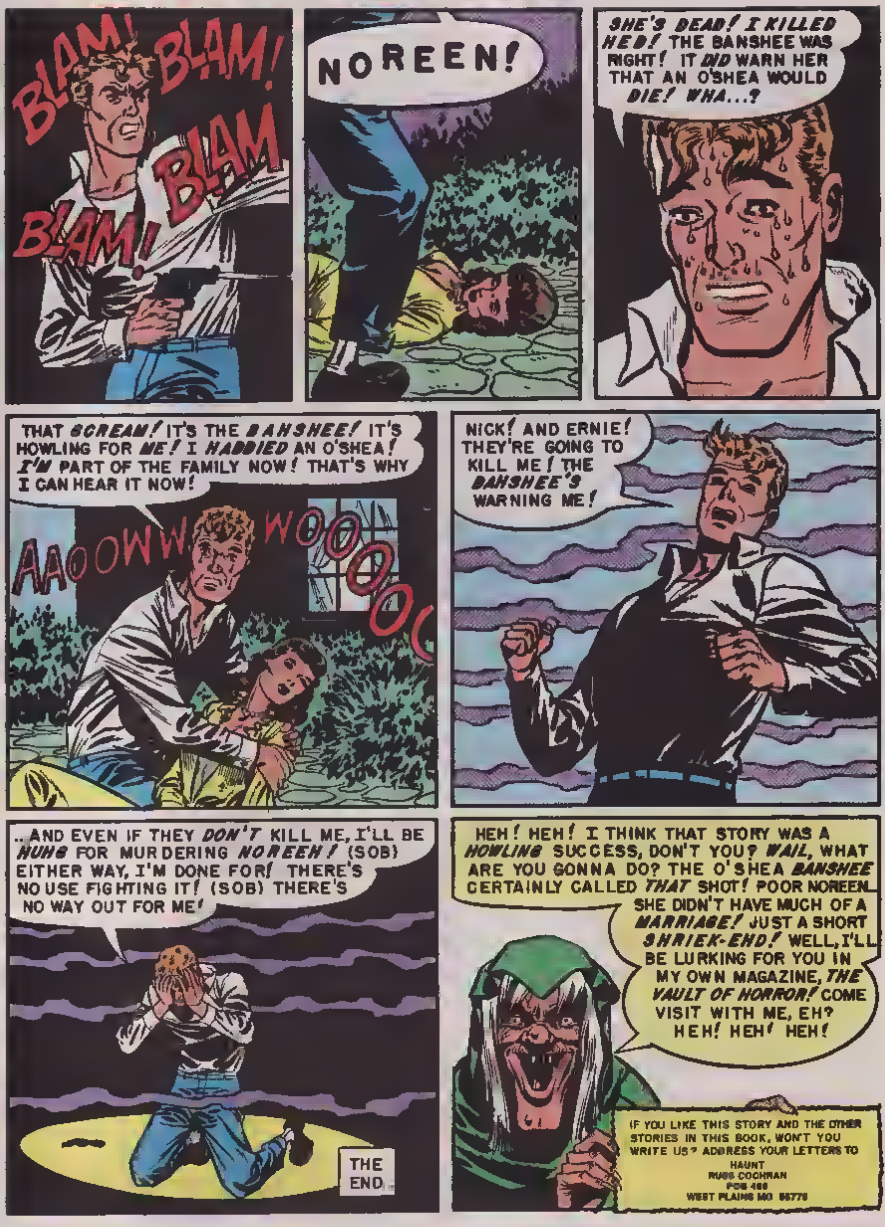
GOOD EVENING! I'M PAT BRADY. FROM AMERICA! ARE YOU...?
WELL! COME IN, LAD! COME IN! 'TIS LONG THAT WE'VE WAITED FOR YE!
YOU MUST BE TIM O'SHEA. MY FATHER'S FRIEND! YOU RECEIVED MY CABLEGRAM?
AYE! AYE! AND 'TIS GLAD I AM THAT YE'LL BE STAYIN' WITH US! COME, SIT DOWN, LAD!
I KNEW YIR PARENTS WELL, PATRICK! 'TIS SAD THAT THEY DIED WHEN YE WAS SUCH A WEE TOT!
YES! I GREW UP IN AN ORPHANAGE UNTIL I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO GET A JOB!
OH? AND WHAT KIND OF WORK WOULD YE BE DOIN'?
WELL ER..I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I WAS IN THE PUBLISHING FIELD! BUT THINGS DIDN'T GO WELL SO I DECIDED TO TAKE A TRIP ER FOR MY HEALTH!
HEH! HEH! PAT WASN'T ACTUALLY LYING, MIND YOU BUT HE DID STRETCH THE TRUTH A BIT! YOU SEE, IN NEW YORK HE HAD BEEN A BOOKIE FOR A HUGE GAMBLING SYNDICATE.
FATHER?
OH... NOREEN! COME HERE, CHILD! I WANT YE TE MEET PAT BRADY. THE LAD FROM AMERICA! PATRICK THIS IS ME DAUGHTER.
HELLO, NOREEN.
T TOP O' THE EVENIN' TO YE PATRICK.
WELL, THAT WAS HOW PAT BRADY ARRIVED IN IRELAND, AND HOW HE MET NOREEN. THEY FELL IN LOVE QUICKLY, AND AS TIME PASSED, PAT GREW TO LIKE HIS NEW LIFE.
OH, PATRICK 'TIS SO FOINE YOU'RE DOIN' IN FATHER'S OFFICE.
I KNOW, HONEY. SOON, MAYBE WE WILL BE ABLE TO GET MARRIED!
2

YES, PAT WAS A HAPPY MAN! THE PEACEFUL CONTENTMENT HE FELT WAS SUCH A WONDERFUL CHANGE FROM THE HECTIC, FRIGHTENED LIFE HE'D LED JUST A SHORT WHILE BEFORE! HEH! BUT HIS HAPPINESS WAS SHORT-LIVED..
PAROON ME! GOT A MATCH?
EH?.. OH, SURE!
NICK! ERNIE!
HI YA, KIO!
YEH! HI YA! LONG TIME NO SEE!
WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
...BOSS SENT US, KIO. TOOK US A WHILE TO FIND YOU. TH' BOSS WANTS US TO PAY YOU OFF, KID.
YEH! BUT GOOD!
NO! I DION'T SQUEAL TO THE COPS! IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE! I DIDN'T DO IT!
BOSS THINKS YA DID. HE DON'T LIKE PUNKS THAT CROSS HIM AN THEN GOP A BREEZE.
YEH!
BUT YOU WOULDN'T DO IT HERE! NOT NOW! THERE'S THERE'S TOO MANY PEOPLE
I KNOW, KIO, I KNOW. NOT HERE... NOT NOW. BUT SOME TIME.. SOMEWHERE TH' BOSS WANTS US T' PAY YOU OFF, KIO.
YEH! BUT GOOD!
3

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, PAT WAS A DIFFERENT MAN. FEAR GROWOED HIS EVERY HOUR, AND DEATH FOLLOWED HIS EVERY STEP! ONE EVENING...
NOREEN, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT MY PAST.
SURE, AND 'TIS WILLING I AM TE LISTEN... WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT? WHAT DID YOU HEAR?
THE BANSHEE! 'TIS THE WAIL OF THE BAHSHEE I HEAR! TH' SAINTS PRESARVE US. 'TIS OUR FAMILY BANSHEE FORTELLIN' THE DEATH OF AN O'SHEA!
NOHSEHSE! THERE'S NO SUCH THING!
'TIS WROHG YOU ARE, PAT! I CAN HEAR IT...WAILIN' AND A-HOWLING! PATRICK! 'TIS FRIGHTEHED I AM!
CUT IT OUT! IF YOU CAN HEAR THAT BANSHEE, THEN WHY OON'T I?
YOU'RE NOT MY KIN, PATRICK. ONLY CERTAIN FAMILIES HAVE BANSHEES, AND 'TIS ONLY THEIR KIN WHO ARE ABLE TO HEAR IT!
I OON'T HEAR IT, NOW...
YOU NEVER DID HEAR IT! THERE'S NO SUCH THING, I TELL YOU! YOUR IMAGINATION'S PLAYING TRICKS ON YOU!
I HAVE ENOUGH WORRIES WITHOUT YOU TALKING LIKE CRAZY ABOUT A BAHSHEE!
BUT, PATRICK! I CAN SEE THAT YE OON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT 'TIS TRUE, 'TIS TRUE!
I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE! THE LAST TIME I HEARD IT WAS JUST BEFORE ME MATHER DIED! OH, MY PATRICK!
HUTS! I TELL YOU THERE'S NO SUCH THING!
4

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, PAT BRADY LED A HECTIC LIFE...
THWOK!
RAT-A-TAT TAT TAT
AND WHENEVER HE FELT SAFE IN THE ARMS OF NOREEN...
IN A FEW MORE DAYS WE'LL BE MARRIED, SWEETHEART! HAPPY?
SURE AND YE KNOW I AM. WAIT! I HEAR THE BANSHEE!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, ARE YOU GOING TO START THAT AGAIN?
BUT PATRICK! I HEAR IT! 'TIS WARNING ME THAT AN O'SHEA WILL DIE!
ME FATHER'S OLD, PATRICK! AND HE'S NOT BEEN WELL! I WORRY!
STOP TALKING LIKE THAT! THERE'S NO SUCH THING, YOU HEAR? NO SUCH THING!
AND ALONE, IN THE QUIET OF HIS ROOM HE SAT, GUN IN HAND, SWEATING...STARTING AT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST SOUND...WAITING FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS INEVITABLE
...ANOTHER NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP! NICK AND ERNIE ARE GOING TO COME FOR ME SOONER OR LATER
WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?
5

HEH! HEH! BY THE TIME PAT'S WEDDING DAY ARRIVED, HE WAS A NERVOUS WRECK! I'VE SEEN JITTERY BRIDEGROOMS, BUT HE WAS WORSE THAN ANY! HE WAS SURE NICK AND ERNIE WOULD BE MEAN ENOUGH TO FINISH THEIR JOB BEFORE THE DAY WAS OVER...
...BUT NOTHING HAPPENED!
WHAT A HONEYMOON! I'M SO ON EDGE I CAN'T STAY PUT!
AYE! AND I, TOO, AM THE SAME!
THIS WAITING IS DRIVING ME CRAZY! IF IT LASTS MUCH LONGER, I'LL CRACK!
YOU'RE ON EDGE? WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO BE JITTERY ABOUT?
'TIS THE BANSHEE DI'M THINKIN' OF!
BANSHEE! BANSHEE! YOU AND YOUR COCK-EYED BANSHEE! YOU LITTLE IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW MY LIFE IS IN DANGER? WAIT! I HEARD A NOISE!
WHAT IS IT? YOU LOOK SO FRIGHTENED!
IT'S NICK AND ERNIE! THEY'VE COME TO KILL ME! THEY'RE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE! I HEARD THEM!
WELL, I'M READY FOR THEM! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS! I'LL GO MEET THEM! I'LL BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT!
PATRICK! DON'T GO! PLEASE! WAIT!
OUT INTO THE SILENT DARKNESS WENT PAT. MOVING QUIETLY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE, HE LISTENED INTENTLY FOR ANY SOUND...
BLASTED FOG! CAN'T SEE A THING!..WHA...?
BEHIND ME! SOMEONE'S MOVING UP BEHIND ME!
6


BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
NOREEN!
SHE'S DEAD! I KILLED HER! THE BANSHEE WAS RIGHT! IT DID WARN HER THAT AN O'SHEA WOULD DIE! WHA...?
THAT SCREAM! IT'S THE BANSHEE! IT'S HOWLING FOR ME! I HADDIED AN O'SHEA! I'M PART OF THE FAMILY NOW! THAT'S WHY I CAN HEAR IT NOW!
AAOOWW WOOOOO
NICK! AND ERNIE! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME! THE BANSHEE'S WARNING ME!
..AND EVEN IF THEY DON'T KILL ME, I'LL BE HUNG FOR MURDERING NOREEN! (SOB) EITHER WAY, I'M DONE FOR! THERE'S NO USE FIGHTING IT! (SOB) THERE'S NO WAY OUT FOR ME!
THE END
HEH! HEH! I THINK THAT STORY WAS A HOWLING SUCCESS, DON'T YOU? WAIL, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? THE O'SHEA BANSHEE CERTAINLY CALLED THAT SHOT! POOR NOREEN SHE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A MARRIAGE! JUST A SHORT SHRIEK-END! WELL, I'LL BE LURKING FOR YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR! COME VISIT WITH ME, EH? HEH! HEH! HEH!
IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY AND THE OTHER STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU WRITE US? ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO
HAUNT
RUBS COCHRAN
POB 460
WEST PLAINS MO 65775